

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Night Editor This Issue—Henry Lumppe

Unsigned comment in this column is written by the editor. Full responsibility is assumed by the editor for all editorial opinion.

IDEALS are the world's masters.—J. G. Holland.

"Something Escaped . . . And Driving Free"

"A cup of coffee at midnight, A cake and an epigram, A laugh, a song, and a cigarette, What else is worth a damn? Let others think that the goal of life is a bank account and such, The future is such a chilly bride, Success costs far too much. But—a Cup of coffee at midnight A cake and an epigram, A laugh, a song, and a cigarette, And more's not worth a damn."

So sings "The Minor Wail" in the Utah Chronicle, and come to think of it, there's something to this, something more than good advertising material for coffee-shops. The student who has not participated in the evening talks over the coffee-cups has missed that human part of education usually absent from lectures.

What a range of topics these sources call forth! They reach from the sublime to the ridiculous, starting, often at one extreme and ending at the other. But whatever the subject the treatment is uniformly more vigorous and frank than is heard ever in the classroom. It may be the hour, the occasion or the company, but whatever the reason the coffee-reveler speaks without inhibition and with equal daring of the serious and of the petty, of matters that have momentary interest and not even that much importance, and of eternal problems that have engaged philosophers, real and spurious, for ages.

"The Minor Wail" who talks of "the goal of life" and that "chilly bride," the future, understands that it is only over the coffee-cups that one unburdens himself of his inner-questions, dares to express his innermost convictions or worries concerning life, knowing that his hearers will be sympathetic and reverent.

Nor is it all so serious, though the questioning over-tone nearly always may be heard. Perhaps last night's "movie" is being riddled by sarcastic darts, or maybe Professor So-and-so's learning and methods are being dissected, and the professor, who at that very moment is sleeping the sleep of the virtuous, being diagnosed after the post-mortem as a dilettante trying to pass as a scholar. Epigrams and humor that would enrich any literature fall on appreciative ears, but there are no minutes, and contributions to learning, born under the leisurely influence of coffee, or even the less romantic lemon "coke," and amidst good company and tobacco smoke, are soon lost to the world.

And it may not be religion, love, politics, literature, philosophy, art and men that are under discussion. Perhaps this is only a story-telling session when fables, some nice and some not so nice, circulate. Someone, or even the group, may sing, though this, sad to relate, is not usually done. Or again, silence is the order of the evening and one communes with his own thoughts.

Verily, there is nothing under the sun that does not enter into the conversation of the group around the coffee-cups. It is a time when

Communications

As a Freshman Sees It
To the Editor:
Silence broods over the question of freshman rights and wrongs in reference to so called "tradition," a silence which should be broken once more before the end of the school year.
Traditions are supposed by some

text-books mean less than nothing, and both tomorrow's assignments and tomorrow are forgotten.

Text-books and tomorrow are limited in scope. We are dealing with all time and all things, and "more's not worth a damn."

Do All Freshmen Really Like It?

A STOCK answer of the supporters of Freshman rules to attacks on their pet traditions has been: "the freshmen like them."

We have never questioned the statement that there are freshmen who would prefer to see the rules retained. But we have maintained, and do still, that there are objectors, and that these persons alone, if not all first year men, should be permitted to go their own way.

An interesting letter from a freshman objector appears in the communication column today. It presents a point of view that we hope even the zealous vigilantes will not overlook. It states in simple language several very good reasons why freshman traditions should be outlawed.

We add only a few words of John E. Winter, of West Virginia university, which appeared in a recent issue of "School and Society" as part of an article on the psychology of freshman rules. Mr. Winter writes:

"It is impossible to compel one to be enthusiastic as it is to compel him to hate or love. . . . Coercion arouses resistance, and the kindred attitudes of aversion, disgust, resentment . . . and lays the foundation of mal-direction or disintegration."

Are the vigilantes certain they can put into effect outworn traditions, by means of force? Perhaps it is time they stopped being patriotic long enough to think.

Guaranteed to Solve All Problems

THE law-abiding citizens of the state of Oregon will collectively put to death, next month, one Albert Brownlee. Brownlee, a jury said, committed murder, so the state will do likewise. Instead of a gun, the citizenry will use a rope, and Brownlee will be "hanged by the neck until dead," as legal phraseology so eloquently puts it.

This is a small matter to the people of the state. Any one citizen would probably revolt if he were assigned the task of performing the execution, but it is an impersonal matter, and the easiest way to deal with Albert Brownlee's offense is by a similar one.

We are not acquainted with the intimate details of the Brownlee case, neither is the state at large which has decided that he must die. The matter is simple: this man killed; therefore he must be killed. Might not sociology, psychology, economics, ethics (and not sentimentality) have some part in this case? Is the story all as simple as "an eye for an eye?"

But why go beyond the bare surface facts? Why try to discover reasons why this man should not die? What should we do with him? The rope is so simple, such an easy solution. What a boon society has in legal murder.

It seems to me that the superabundant energies of mock-officious and loyal organizations such as



Judging from the way contributions for the Fine Arts building are coming in, the formal opening could safely be scheduled for May 1, 1927.

A graduate student won the Edison Marshall Short Story Contest. In that case Mr. Marshall could not doubt win it himself if he were taking work here at the University.

"THIS RUNS INTO MONEY," SAID THE CLERK AS HE SPILLED THE INK IN THE CASH REGISTER.

Our friend with the swishing false teeth says once in a while he likes to read ancient literature and when he does he just drops into the dispensary and reads the magazines.

Poor absent minded Orlando McGregg; He tried to fry A hard boiled egg.

TODAY'S SIMILIE As dark as a sorority porch.

Gretchen took it upon herself yesterday to call up the theater and invite six of the puppets out to her house for dinner Monday night.

The other day down at the court room Brownlee missed hearing his sentence because he happened to be amusing himself by looking at Dud Clark's mustache at the moment. Lord! If it can so attract a hard boiled prisoner convicted of murder have mercy upon the co-eds.

Mary Ann Bennett, Is the woman for me, If she never eats more Than she does at tea.

CO-ED COUNCIL Dear Aunt Seerah: I am just a poor, lonesome little co-ed who needs some help. I want to get into the movies. Can you please tell me how? Lovingly Betty

Ans. Dear Betty: Just present a fifty cent piece at the ticket window and they will gladly let you in. Aunt Seerah

More power to Duke! After the little piece in yesterday's colym about service in his inn, we braved the storm and went there for lunch again. When we sat down we were surrounded by so many waitresses who wanted to take the order that I began to think I was seeing things. And that was not the end. While our order was in preparation so many girls came along and asked if the order had been taken that we printed a sign "YES OUR ORDER HAS BEEN TAKEN" and put it on the table.

ETIQUETTE HINT At formal dinners, olive pits are not to be thrown at the host or hostess.

HARRY SCOTT of the Physical Ed department says that a person has flat feet when he can stand barefooted and not have toes or heels touch the floor. As a cure he

the "Vigilantes," and the "Frosh Court," could be better directed towards more firmly establishing the really worthy traditions such as "Hello," (which totters on the edge of extinction) than wasting their valuable (?) time promiscuously paddling first year men for not wearing a rather ridiculous green lid on all possible occasions, or for in the least way asserting themselves and "being cocky."

However, a tradition deserving the name should not have to be put into effect by force—if it must be, it is no longer worth while preserving. Why does the sophomore class of each year stoop to the level of the preceding class, and proceed to "get even," venting the spite of a few upon perfectly innocent newcomers, under the sheltering cloak of "tradition"? Is running through the main street of the city, smeared with paint, one trouser leg rolled up, a garter around the neck, and panting "to hell with O. A. C.," a "tradition" worthy of Oregon?

Why is the newcomer, ignorant of the university, filled with mushy talk about the "right attitude," and "Oregon spirit" which are things that cannot be beaten into one, things that must grow naturally and gradually with the "increasing" college associations before they can become an integral part of the student (if they ever do).

Traditions are actions guided by feelings and sentiments that cannot be explained and should not be blatted out to a lot of unsuspecting freshmen who don't get the idea, and never take it seriously, anyway. FRESHMAN

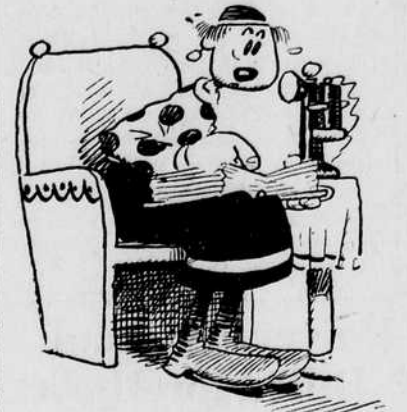


Women's League tea this afternoon from 4 to 6 on sun porch of Woman's building. A number of Big Sisters will act as hostesses.

To-Ko-Lo meeting tonight at 7:30 at the College Side Inn. Very important. Agora meets tonight at 7:30, Woman's building.

suggests rocking back and forth like a rocking chair.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS, BUT HE SURE TAKES ON A NICE SLICK POLISH.



This photograph was taken just after Betty Neck, most popular woman on the campus, had hung up the receiver and written in her book the last date she can accept. She is now completely dated up to and including next winter term. In speaking of her great popularity Betty was loud in her praise of Old Gold cigarettes, the use of which have completely overcome her distressing tickling cough. She said she used to cough so violently that all the powder was shaken off her face. She says the big IT however, is the fact that she always takes her parents along with her on dates.

Whatever troubles Adam had While living there in Eden, You never saw him out at night Mowing lawns and weedin'.

Olds (Continued from page one) difficult to put punch into this type. It is a situation as slow moving as the sky and the earth. Therefore she deserves much credit for the performance. She handled her people and the passage of time very well. The implications of her story were well brought out. And there's all those little details and incidents that distinguish a poor piece of writing from a good piece.

"The Trophy," by Miss Hurley, recounts an Armistice day celebration, when the soldiers meet to talk over the war.

Liked "Trophy Luck" "I liked 'Trophy Luck,'" Mr. Haycox wrote, "because it swung right along, had a good idea and got more dramatic as it traveled. The speaking was good, likewise the properties."

The other students who turned in stories, which were all praised by the judges, both for their handling of the material and consistency of the plot, are Ruth Jackson, Eugene, sophomore in English; Bayard T. Merrill, Eugene, junior in education; Vena M. Gaskill, Beaverton, junior in business administration; Walter Lloyd, Portland, freshman in zoology; Dorothy Franklin, Portland, sophomore in journalism; Vincent Hill, Colton, junior in education; William Puustinen, Svensen, sophomore in education; Frances Cherry, Wallowa, junior in journalism; Eva Nealon, Central Point, senior in journalism; Paul Tracy, Springfield, senior in journalism; and John Joseph O'Meara, Beaverton, senior in journalism.

Drama Season Ends At University High The drama season at University high school will be climaxed this year by the presentation of "The Drums of Oude," a one act play by Austin Strong. The play is now being worked out by Edna Assenheimer, head of dramatics in the school, with the assistance of Katie Buchanan, of the University drama department, and will be given in the state drama tournament for high schools, which will be held on the Oregon campus early in May. The play has a note of mystery

LAST TIMES TODAY

THE NOTORIOUS Lady LEWIS STONE BARBARA BEDFORD REX

Tomorrow — THE THIRD DEGREE Don't say boo Till you see it

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MIDNIGHT SUN also

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Colonial THEATRE

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and an unexpected ending which is more than unusual. The scene is laid in the interior of a palace in northern India which is occupied by British troops, and a military tinge accompanies the mysterious tone. The cast has been selected from the personnel of the whole school and practices have begun. Those in the cast are: Captain Hector McGregor, Kermit Stevens; Lieutenant Alan Hartly, Austin Frey; Sergeant McDougal, Denzil Page; Stewart, the sentry, Conan Smith; two Hindustani servants, Charles Rickabaugh; Mrs. Jack Clayton, Hartly's sister, Ruby George.

The following freshmen report to Room 1, Johnson hall, at 7 o'clock sharp, tonight: Bob Van Orman, Harry Wood, Pat McGinnis, Steve Roice, Marshall Shields, Charles Silverman, Jim Terry, Max Dunlap, Howard Van Nice, Sam Van Vactor, Richard Schroeder, Bob Robinson, Ted Conn, Kenneth Olds, Hyman Hall, James Raley, Alex Kashuba, Francis Sturgis, Oliver Hill, John Bird.

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Spring term, you know, when the sun shines every day, the campus is in full bloom, the mill race invites you, the woods beckon you—there's nothing like snapshots to tell your friends at home what life is really like down here. Then too, think of the memories they will bring back after your college days are over.

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